

THE

POOR SOLDIER.

DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Captain Fitzroy,	-	Mr BANNISTER.
Patrick,	-	Mrs KENNEDY.
Darby,	-	Mr JOHNSTONE.
Dermott,	-	Mr EDWIN.
Father Luke,	-	Mr WILSON.
Bagatelle,	-	Mr WEWITZER.



W O M E N.

Norah,	-	Mrs BANNISTER.
Kathleen,	-	Mrs MARTYR.

THE
POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE.—A Country Village.

On one side KATHLEEN's house; on the other, at a greater distance, the house of FATHER LUKE.

Enter DARBY and DERMOTT.

Dar. **S**TAY where you are.—Kathleen will be here by and by.

Der. O that ever I shou'd be such an unfortunate fellow, as to think her a pretty girl.

Dar. Upon my soul now she's grown vastly uncivil; for she turns up her nose at me.

Der. I know the one she'll have!

Dar. Is some French Monsieur to take the girl away from a couple of tight Irish boys of us? (*weeps*) I never dream but of poor Kathleen—
Oh, Oh, Oh!

Der. Well, well; but you'll disturb her with your noise; go and bellow farther off.

Dar. Ah! but I am afraid of Father Luke: You know he threatened when poor Pat us'd to come to his window, to court his ward Norah,

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that he'd put him into the Bishop's court ; and therefore, poor Pat, full of grief and vexation, went for a soldier.

Der. But you'll disturb Kathleen ; go away, go.

A I R I.——*Dermot.*

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast ;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

II.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me :
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes
To none but love and thee.

[*Exit Dermott.*

Dar. Such singing wou'd wake an owl out of her sleep : I'll try to rouse her.

A I R II.——*Darby.*

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play ;
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

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II.

Last night a little bowfy
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose,
And sour as floes.
The little gypsey cock'd her nose;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid.
Good morrow to your night-cap.

[Kathleen appears at the window.]

Kat. Who's that ?—Dermott !

Dar. Yes I am.—Darby (*aside*) I knew I
shou'd bring her down : Oh, I'm a fine marksman.

Enter KATHLEEN.

Kat. Darby !—So you must come sining at
my window ; but I tell you once for all, I won't
have you : as I hope for man I won't.

Dar. That's a good joke—hope for a man and
not have me.

A I R III.——*Kathleen.*

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can ;
But first let me tell you what sort of a man :
In address how compleat,
And in dress spruce and neat ;
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :

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Not dull nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be
His man he shall see;
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
In a song bear a bob;
In a glass hob or knob;
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
This is my fancy,
If such a man can see,
I'm his if he's mine, until then I'm free.

Dar. Well, and hav'nt I every thing comfortable about me?—A snug farm, heifers and sheep, and a pad to ride on, on Saturdays, and a potatoe garden to walk in; only look at me; am I not as tight a fellow as you'd wish to clap your eyes on, on a Summer's day?

Kat. Don't think of talking to me, fellow.—Do you know that I am an heiress?

Dar. Why, to be sure, your father, Old Jorum, who us'd to keep the ale-house, left you well enough, as a body may say.

Kat. Left me well enough! Did not he leave me a great sum of money? a matter of eleven pound fifteen shillings, and a barrel of ale untap'd. Left me well enough! why, you pitiful fellow, do you know who you talk to?—Did'nt he leave me half-a-dozen china plates; a case of silver haisted knives and forks; a chest of drawers; an easy chair, and a three-leg'd stool?—Left me well enough! And don't you know, that he left me a cow and a calf; and a bald filly to ride on.

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Dar. Now she's got upon her bald filly, the devil himself can't take her down. [*aside.*]

Kat. Left me well enough! Now, as I am an heiress, a husband I'll have this night if I can.

D U E T.—*Kathleen and Darby.*

A I R IV.

Kath. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

Darb. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

Kath. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

Darb. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kath. In courtship funny,

Darb. Once sweet as honey,

Kath. You drone.

Darb. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kath. Go dance your dogs, with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

Both. Go dance your dogs, &c.

Darb. You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

II.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems
love.

Darb. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kath. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,

Darb. And with a flower I sting my nose.

In courtship. &c.

[*Exit Darby and Kathleen severally.*]

Enter CAPTAIN FITZROY.

Fitz. This is the house that contains my charming Norah : As her guardian I know is not at home, perhaps I may find an opportunity of conversing with the dear object of my wishes.

[Noise of huntsmen and horns behind.]

So the hounds are going out. Well, let the timid hare be their pursuit : My game lies another way.

A I R V — *Fitzroy.*

The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon.

Arise to partake of the chace ;

And Sol lend a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,

And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn, [Grove,

While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry,

Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echoe's reply :

Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,

But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

II.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,

His sentence he hears in the gale ;

Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,

His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,

Despair taking place of his fear ;

With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,

Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

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The door opens) I'll step aside, and observe her
a while unseen. [Exit.

Enter NORAH.

AIR VI.—*Norah.*

The meadow looks chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring;
Tho' Nature rejoices; poor Norah shall mourn
Until her dear Pa'rick again shall return.

II.

Ye lasses of Dublin, Oh hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms
Tho' sattins, and ribands, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

(*Seeing Fitzroy approaching.*)

Oh heaven's! there's the gentleman my guardian
is always teizing me about. I'll avoid him.
[Returns into the house.

Fitz. S'dearth I am disappointed! Stay my
charming Norah.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur!—Monsieur!

Fitz. What do you want?

Bag. I come to tell you—

Fitz. What?

Bag. Bless my soul I run so fast—I came to tell
you—I am out of breath—It's all blown.

Fitz. What's blown!—My love affair I suppose.
(*aside.*

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Bag. De Mareshall poudre is all blown out of de window.

Fitz. Then you must send to town for more.

Bag. Me forgot to tell you, Sir, another affair of grand consequence.

Fitz. Well, what is it?

Bag. De people, Sir, are waiting breakfast for you in de grand parlour.

Fitz. Why did'nt you tell me so at first?

[*Exit.*

Bag. Begar my master is always in such hurries.—I met Father Luke in de village; and now I'll go and visit Mademoiselle Norah.—Ah! I do love Miss Norah.—I vil speak to Father Luke, and get her for my wife.—Ah, Machere Norah! She shall be my wife!

AIR VII.—*Bagatelle.*

Written by CHARLES MURRAY of the Norwich Theatre.

Tune——Marshall SAXE's Minuet

Ah! me chere
My pretty dear,
Ma charmante Miss Norah.
Oh! I'll sigh and press her;
I vil ever blefs her,
Cuddle and caress her,
'Till she cry encora.
Spite of de fate,
She is my mate,
Nous danfions togedre:
Ve can never tire;
Frenchman is all fire!
Oh! Bagatelle's so clever.

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II.

How le beau monde vil stare,
Peur voir de happy pair ;

Promenez,

Si negligee,

Like de little turtle dove,

Always billing, cooing,

Like two pusses mewing,

Purring out dere tale of love.

Oh dear me,

How ver pretty,

Ven ve come togedre ;

All de night and day, fir,

Ve vil kifs and play, fir,

O Bagatelle's fo clever.

III.

Vat grand blifs

To toy and kifs,

Vid my dear Miss Norah ;

Oh ! she be so pretty,

And so very vitty ;

It vou'd be much pitty,

Not to cry encora.

Oh ! mon dieu,

Oh ! sacre blue,

Nous baifferons for ever ;

Love can never tire,

Nought can quench his fire ;

Oh ! Bagatelle's fo clever.

IV.

Ven vego to the play,

Habillez so fine and gay :

Si bien jantee,

Oh tout a fait ;

In our air no embarrass,

Like de grande noblesse'

Ve sall be careffe
 It vil make grand coup d'eclat.
 How I vish,
 Vid pretty Miss,
 To tie de knot for ever;
 I sall live in clover,
 Ven it all is over;
 Oh! Bagatelle's so clever.

[Exit Bagatelle.]

Scene changes to another part of the village.

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Once more I'm return'd to my native village after two long year's absence!—up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket.

Dar. *[sings without]* 'Good morrow to your 'night cap.'

Pat. Oh! there's my old acquaintance Darby, as merry and as silly as ever.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. What! Pat return'd! Zounds, I am glad to see you!—How are you my old friend?

Pat. I thank you, I am bravely.—How fares all our old friends?

Dar. Pure'y.—Except a cow of mine that died last week.

Pat. How does my dear Norah?

Dar. She's very well; but, Pat, how came you to list for a soldier?

Pat. When her guardian would not give his consent to our marriage, and I cou'd not have her without his approbation, I list'd for a soldier.

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Dar. Well, and how do you like it?

Pat. Like it!—A soldier's life is the finest life in the world.

AIR VIII.—*Patrick.*

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day;
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money, and cloaths.
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row de-dow, &c.

III.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight:
No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

[*This song not written by Mr O'Keeffe.*]

Dar. O! I find you'll take Norah away with your row-de-dow!—A soldier is a happy fellow.

Pat. Will you be a soldier, come with me and I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. I'od with all my heart: I think regimentals wou'd become me mightily: Let me try if your hat fits me. [Puts on Patrick's hat, and struts about, till he by chance sees a scar on Patrick's fore-head.] What's that?

Pat. What?

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Dar. That cut on your forehead !

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle, in attempting to rescue an officer : I was left for dead on the field ; there's glory for you.

Dar. So they left you bleeding in your glory. Here take your hat : I don't think regimentals wou'd become at all. [*Gives the hat back.*]

Pat. What's the matter ? You are frightened, are you ?

Dar. O no ; frightened ; no to be sure ; but I think it looks so conceited for a man to wear a black patch.—Good bye to you.

Pat. Come, this is the way to my serjeant.

Dar. Your serjeant ! 'tis my serjeant I want, and he's this way.—No, no, Master Pat, you shan't catch me bleeding in my glory with a row-de-dow, &c. Your servant Pat. [*Exit.*]

Pat. Now for my charming Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old acquaintance.

A I R IX.—*Patrick.*

The wealthy fool with gold in store,

Will still desire to grow richer ?

Give me but health, I ask no more,

My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare,

My girl so fair ;

With such no mortal can be richer ;

Give me but these, a fig for care,

With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

II.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,

To toil a hedger or a ditcher,

If that, when I come home at eve,

I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.
 [Exit Pat.]

Scene changes to the inside of FATHER LUKE'S house.

BAGATELLE *discovered speaking thro' the key-hole of NORAH'S door.*

Bag. Mademoiselle Norah, open the door, if you please.

Nor. Begone about your business. [from within.]

Pat. (without) Where is my charming girl?

Bag. O begar, here be some body coming!—
 What shall I do? Begar I vil hide myself in this closet!
 [Goes into a closet.]

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Where is my sweet girl, my Norah?

Nor. (within) Begone about your business: I desire you will leave the house directly.

Pat. What's this I hear! I know that voice: a pretty compliment after two year's absence.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. Is it you, my dearest Pat!

Pat. Sweet Norah, you was ever dear to me!

Nor. I was ever dear to you, how cou'd you leave me then?—but judge of me by these tears!

Pat. My charming girl! what tears are these?

Nor. They are tears of joy at your return!

Bag. (weeping) Vat vil become of poor Bagatelle?

Pat. I think I hear a noise.

Nor. If it shou'd be my uncle, what will become of me ; for he's more averse than ever to our union.

Pat. I'll slip into this closet.

[*Goes into a Closet, and pulls Bagatelle out.*

Bag. How do you do, Sir ?—Me hope you be very well.

Pat. (to *Nor.*) Are these your sighs for my absence ? your tears of joy at my return ? to be locked up with a rascally hairdresser !

Bag. Rascal hairdresser ! vat you mean ? I am French gentlemen :—You shall give me satisfaction ;—you shall meet me.

Pat. What with your curling irons !—away with you, or I'll beat you while I can hold a splinter of shelela.

Bag. Shelela, what you call shelela ?

Pat. Begone ? or do you choose to walk out of the window ?

Bag. Sir, to oblige you, I cou'd walk out of de window ; but I had much rather go down stairs.

Pat. Ah ! my dear Norah ! cou'd I [*Exit.* think you wou'd deceive me !

Nor. And can you think me false ?

Pat. Can I think otherwise !—But you have given me back my heart !

DUET——*Patrick and Norah.*

A I R X.

Pat. A rose tree full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers far to see ;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
I find a canker in it.
And now throw it far away.

Norah. How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright !
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen ;
 Farewel, ye fleeting hours,
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

Duet. How fine, &c.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.—A wood.

Enter DARBY and BAGATELLE.

Bag. **M**onsieur Darby ! Monsieur Darby !
Dar. I believe that's Monsieur Bag
 and tail.

Bag. I'm glad I find you Darby. I was hunt
 you all over de village, and cou'd not find you.

Dar. That's because I am so wrapt up in love.

Bag. You must know, I am going to kill Pat
 the soldier, and you must be my friend.

Dar. Had'nt you better kill Dermott, then I'll
 be your friend.

Bag. O but Pat the soldier has affront me ;—
 you shall be my second.

Dar. Your second ; coud'nd you make me
 your third or fourth ?

Bag. (*Shewing a letter.*) Begar, dis be de
 lettre de mor.

Dar. O what ! you'll leather him more.

Bag. C'est un autre chose.

Dar. What must I get two other shoes ?

Bag. C'est un barbare.

Dar. What, because you are a barber.

Bag. Vat you mean by that ? Pat calls me rascal hairdresser, and you call me barber. You no understand : this is de lettre Lord Lofty's coachman did write for me. You read, Darby.

Dar. O Yes.

Bag. There (*Gives Darby the letter.*)

Dar. Let me see (*reads*) 'This comes hoping'——O I'll run all the way if that's all.

Bag. Ver you going, Darby ?——You told me you read. 'Tis not hoping : read on.

'This comes hoping that you are in good health, as I am at this present writing : though you think yourself a great officer, you shall not make me walk out of the window : I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll bed amn'd if I don't : meet me at the Elm grove at seven o'clock to give me satisfaction ; but not with curling irons. I am your's as in duty bound.

Bag. You see I will not sign my name, because I wou'd avoid the laws. You must carry it for me.

Dar. I'll take care Pat shall have it.

Bag. Well now I have settled this affair, d'honneur I will go——

Dar. Where are you going Monf. Bag and tail ?

Bag. I vil go——begar I vil go——I vil go and brush my master's coat.

Exit Bagatelle.

Dar. Now I recollect I will not give this letter, since Pat has been a soldier, he's grown a bloody-minded fellow, and since he wants Monsieur Bagatelle to walk out of the window, perhaps he may want me to walk up the chimney ; so the boy at the public house shall give it him ; he's a better figure to walk up a chimney than I am.

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AIR I.—*Darby.*

Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly,
 I now am as thin as a rod;
 Oh! love is the cause of my folly,
 I soon shall lie under a sod,
 Sing natherum doodle, nagetty tragedy rum,
 My didtherum boodle, figetty nigetty mum.

II.

Dear Kathleen then, why did you flout me;
 A lad that's so coysse and warm,
 With every thing handsome about me,
 My cabin and snug little farm.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

III.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,
 No duns at my chamber attend:
 On Sunday I ride on my poney,
 And still have a bit to a friend.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

IV.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
 The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove:
 Oh! how all this courting confounds me:
 When I look, and I think of my love.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

Enter PATRICK and NORAH.

Pat. Oh! my Norah! I find more danger in
 encountering th ne eyes, my charming girl, than
 in a battle! and can you then prefer your poor
 Pat, though a common soldier to all mankind?

Nor. Yes my dearest Pat! What tho' you are
 only a common soldier in the army; you are to
 me a field officer.

A I R II.—*Norah.*

Farewel ye groves and chrystal fountains,
 The gladsome plains and silent dell;
 Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
 And we come now a lofty cell
 And Oh! farewel, fond youth most dear!
 Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,
 We'll meet and share the parting tear,
 And take a long and last farewell.

Pat. My sweet *Norah*! and will absence never
 change your sentiments?—Prouder of your love
 than all the honours of my profession: I shall
 ever possess the heart-felt satisfaction of remem-
 b'ring how dear you are to your poor soldier.

A I R III.—*Patrick.*

Tho' *Leixlip* is proud of it's close shady bowers,
 It's clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;
 At each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear *Carton*, I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear *Carton*! containing what kingdoms may
 boast of;
 'Tis *Norah*, dear *Norah*! the theme of my song.

II.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice bootson,
 Their horses to start on the *Corragh* of *Kildare*;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair;
 Poor *Pat*, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From *Norah*, dear *Norah*, the theme of my song.
Nor. You will be sure to come at the time a-
 greed on.

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Pat. Never fear me (*Exit Nor.*)—O how happy am I!

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. What's this I see?—My destin'd bride in talk with a common soldier!—Good morrow brother soldier—a handsome girl that you was talking to—

Pat. Why she's thought so indeed, Sir.

Fitz. You seem well with her?

Pat. Yes, Sir; I have long lov'd, Sir.—Brought up in the same village together, we became attach'd to each other, and promis'd mutual fidelity; but I am afraid I shall lose her.

Fitz. What you have a rival perhaps?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. Now for a picture of myself. (*aside*)—Some rich rascal I suppose?

Pat. I envynot his riches, Sir;—but as to your latter epithet, I am sure he does not deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because, Sir, he is an officer, and therefore I am sure he is a man of honour.

Fitz. It is a pity you are not an officer.—You have been in the service.

Pat. Yes, Sir, I have seen some service—I was wounded at the battle of Johnston's Ford in America, in saving my Captain's life.

Fitz. As I live, the very man who saved my life in that engagement. (*aside*)—I hope you got your reward?

Pat. I look'd for none: I did no more than my duty, in fighting for my king and country, and rescuing my officer. [Going.]

Fitz. Where are you going?

Pat. I am going from her I love; because fortune forbids our union.

Fitz. Take my advice: see her once more.—

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I honour your frankness ;—you are a brave fellow, and something may be done for you.

Pat. Well, Sir, since you advise me, I will see her once more. If I had a friend to speak to her guardian, I perhaps might have some chance to succeed : I am however obliged to your good wishes, and will profit by your advice. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. What a noble spirit ! The embroider'd epaulet may distinguish the officer ; but let him not disdain to take a lesson from this poor soldier : there is sometimes more real merit to be found under worsted lace, than under gold or silver tassels.

A I R IV.—*Fitzroy.*

The spring with smiling face is seen,
To usher in the May ;
And nature clad in mantle green,
All sprig'd with flow'rets gay :
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Then join in harmony and love.

II.

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
Low builds her humble nest ;
The rambling boy that finds the prize,
Is sure supremely blest.
For when the tuneful bird is flown,
He hasts, and marks it for his own.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Are you the man in the red coat ?

Fitz. Yes my boy, I believe I am the man in the red coat.—What's your business ?

Boy. Darby desir'd me to give you this.

Fitz. Who ?

Boy. Darby.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Fitz. Let's see (*reads the letter*)—This

Norah seems to have a number of admirers.—
And so my little hero—heyday he's off—seven
o'clock—I must go and see what sort of stuff my
challenger is made of [Exit.

*Scene changes to the Outside of DERMOTT'S
House.*

Enter FATHER LUKE and DERMOTT.

F. L. Well, what is this spiritual business?—
reveal it to me, Dermott—You know I have
got your conscience in my keeping.—But have
you tapp'd the barrel of ale? [Goes in for a jug.

Der. Yes I have, and you shall taste it.

F. L. He's coming round me about my ward—
a wheedling son of a ———

Enter DERMOTT with a Jug of Ale.

Der. I will prime him well before I speak to
him about Kathleen: 'tis a hard heart that a drop
of ale won't soften.

F. L. This brown jug and I are old acquaint-
ance, Dermott:

Der.] Indeed, Sir, you are.

A I R V ——— *Dermott.*

Dear Sir, this brown jug that foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale;
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl:
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excell,
And amongst jolly toppers he bore of the bell:

II.

It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r woven Arbour, as gay as you please,
With a Friend and a Pipe, puffing Sorrows away,
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay,

His breath Doors of life, on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

III.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its cover so snug,
And with part of old Toby he form'd the brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

[This song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.]

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do Father Luke?

F. L. O Darby, are you there?

Dar. Will you consent that I shall marry Kathleen?

F. L. You marry Kathleen!—get you gone you reprobate.

Dar. I have got a fine fat sheep for your Reverence.

F. L. A fat sheep!—I always thought you was born under a lucky planet.—But Darby you must be a good lad, and turn sober.—I am your priest, and tell you that you must repent and marry.

Dar. I will marry first, and repent afterwards.

AIR VI.—*Father Luke.*

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine:

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me

II.

The bands being published, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow;
So modest her attire, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing, &c.

III.

Thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He blushes at love, and she whispers, obey;
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
Shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.
That snug little guinea for me.

IV.

Theneighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride,
The pipers before us march side by side;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, myself I say grace.
Sing, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

V.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown,
The curtains are drawn, and your both left alone.
'Tis then my good boy I believe you at home,
And hey for a christ'ning at nine months to come.
Sing, &c.
A good merry christ'ning for me.

Dar. And so Father, you say I shall marry
Kathleen.

F. L. But you are so wicked.

Dar. Indeed I am not.

E.

F. L. Here comes Kathleen — (*Enter Kathleen from the house.*) — Put your best leg foremost to her now.

Dar. Which is my best leg?

F. L. By my soul they are both bad enough.

Dar. What am I to do now?

F. L. What are you to do now? — there's a pretty question; — why kiss her man to be sure.

Dar. You'll speak a good word for me Father Luke.

F. L. A fat sheep you say,

Dar. A fine fat sheep.

F. L. Harkye, Kathleen — This lad Darby will make you a good husband — the devil a better — won't you Darby?

Dar. Indeed I will.

F. L. There will be more marriages when the Captain comes, and I can marry you at the same time.

Kath. I will have no husband but Dermott.

F. L. Consider what I am saying to you, — Dermott is an ugly man, and a bad Christian.

A I R VII. — — Kathleen.

Dermot's welcome as the may,

Chearful, handsome and good natur'd;

Foolish Darby get away,

Aukward clumsy and ill featur'd;

Dermott prattles pretty chat,

Darby gapes like any Oven;

Dermot's neat from shoe to hat,

Darby's but a dirty sloven,

Lout, looby,

Silly booby,

Come no more to me a courting,

Was my dearest Dermott here;

All is love and gay sporting.

II.

Dermot's teeth are as white as egg,
 Lips as sweet as sugar caudy;
 Then he's such a handsome leg,
 Darby's knocked kneed and bandy.
 Dermott walks a comely pace,
 Darby like an afs goes stumping:
 Dermott dances with such grace,
 Darby's dance is only jumping.
 Lout, looby,
 Silly booby, &c.

Enter DERMOTT.

Dar. Dermott, you are a bad man, and an ugly Christian.

F. L. O! are you there?—here, take your brown jug again, you empty fellow.

Der. I come to ask your consent to marry Kathleen.

F. L. (to Darby) You shall marry Kathleen.

Der. O, if that's the case! I have two fat sheep, which I had intended as a present for your worship; but now I'll go with them to the fair, and get drunk with the money.

F. L. Harkye, Dermott; it's a great sin to get drunk!—Oh, Darby! *(to Darby)* if you have nothing else to do, you may go about your business, you ugly man; don't make a Judy of yourself. Is it two fat sheep you say. *(to Dermott.)*

Der. Yes.

F. L. (to Darby) You don't marry Kathleen, and I will tell you why; because it is two to one against you. Go away Darby.—*(to Dermott.)* I will couple you altogether when the Captain comes, as soon as I can put my thumb upon matrimony.

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Father Luke, Dermott, Darby and Kathleen.

QUATTETTO.—AIR VII.

Kath. to Der. You the point may carry,
If a while you tarry.

Dar. But for you,
I'll tell you true,
No, do, you I'll never marry.

Chorus. You the point, &c.

II.

Der. Care our souls disowning.
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever approve
Joys our wishes crowning.

Chorus. Care our, &c.

III.

Dar. To the church I'll hand her.
[*Offers to take her.*
Then thro' the world I'll wander ;
She refuses.

I'll sob and sigh,
Until I die,

Chorus. A poor forsaken gander.
To the church, &c.

IV.

Fath Luke. Each pious friend since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses ;
You're never vexed,

If this the text,

Go fuddle all all your noses.

Chorus. Each pious, &c.

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SCENE—*An Elm Grove.*

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. I wonder who this challenger can be!
O here's company, I'll step aside and see.

[retires.]

Enter BAGATELLE and DAREY.

Dar. O, Monsieur Bag and tail! if I fall, you'll take my corps (not a very ugly one) to Dermott's wedding—But let me stand behind you Monsieur Bagatelle.—*(Gets behind him)*—Why I might as well stand behind a pitchfork.

Bag. Zounds! here's my master!

Enter CAPTAIN FITZROY.

Fitz. Why, you rascal, did you send a challenge to me?

Bag. Me, Sir!—Oh, no!—Mi Lord Lofty's coachman did write it; Darby here knows.—What do you know Darby? you tell my Master all about it.

Dar. I went to Father Luke's house, and there I got the letter; and so I went to father Luke's house, and there the letter was given me; and so Father Luke's house—O now I have it—Father Luke was out of the window—

Bag. Father Luke's house was out of the window and so, Sir—

Dar. Yes, Sir, and so, Sir; there's a true account of the matter.—I find I did not go to school for nothing.

Fitz. Hark, Sir; get you home, Sir, or I shall break every bone in your rascally skin.—I'll teach you to send challenges.—away, Sir.

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Bag. O yes, Sir; begar I am glad I have got off so well. [Exit.]

Fitz. As for you, you had better stick to your spade than meddle with sword and pistol. [Going.]

Dar. But Captain, do you think me or Dermott the prettiest fellow.

Fitz. Get home with you, Sir, and mind your cart. [Exit.]

Dar. You a Captain, and can't tell me that. Harkye, you corporal. — (*Fitzroy returns: Darby beckons the contrary way.*) — Here, corporal, corporal—I find I must go up to town to talk with these captains.

AIR VIII.—*Darby.*

Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair,

II.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash.
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd,
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

III

But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But I'll be sure he won't fight.

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We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

SCENE—FATHER LUKE'S *House*.

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. L. If you do not consent to marry Capt. Fitzroy, the man of my choice, I'll send you to France, and put you into a convent.

Nor. I am content.—I never will marry the man I can't approve of.

F. L. You are content!—You put me in a passion, and then you are content.—Get you into that room, and stay there till you go to France.

[Locks her up]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who are you going to send to France?

F. L. My ward, Sir;—she won't consent to marry you?—she is obstinate.

Fitz. Will you resign the charge of her to me, Sir?

F. L. With all my soul;—There, Captain, with that key, I resign my authority; and now if I find Mr. Patrick, I'll send him to the county jail. *[Exit.]*

Fitz. Here comes the soldier (*Enter Pat.*)—You are punctual I see.

Pat. I promis'd to be so.

Fitz. Was you ever brought to the halberets? how came you absent from your regiment? have you a furlough?

Pat. No, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honour to bear his Majesty's

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commission, and shall take you up as a deserter to the service. I have a person ready here to take you into custody.

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery :

[Fitzroy brings out Norah.]

Fitz. Dear Norah, since you have refused my hand, permit me to reward your constancy, by putting you into the hands of your lover, and he'll reward you.

Nor. I'm all amazement !

Pat. Let us kneel, and thank our deliverer.

Fitz. To keep you no longer in suspense, know then, that I am that officer whose life you saved at Johnston's Ford. I have a commission to bestow, and desire, gallant youth, you'll take it, as a small reward for your past services ; and heaven bless you both.

Enter FATHER LUKE DERMOTT, DARBY, and KATHLEEN.

F. L. There the soldier is ;—lay hands upon him.

Dar. No, I won't lay hold of him ——Don't you see the white serjeant has hold of him already.

F. L. Why, Captain, do you refuse to marry my niece ?

Fitz. I do ; and am bound in honour to give her to a worthier lover

F. L. What, bring a foot soldier into my family.

Fitz. Having a commission to dispose of, I have given it him, and think myself his inferior, when I see superior merit, and higher virtues in this poor but worthy soldier.

F I N A L E.

Fitzroy. What true felicity I shall find,
When those are join'd
By fortune kind,
How pleasing to me,
So happy to see,
Such merit and virtue united.

Norah. No future sorrows can grieve us,
If you will please to forgive us.
To each kind friend,
Thus we lowly bend,
Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

Chorus. No future, &c.

Patrick. With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife
Shall beat up to arms,
The plunder your charms,
In love your poor soldier you'll find me.

Kathleen. This love my wishes has granted :
I get the dear lad that I wanted :
Less pleas'd with a Duke,
When good Father Luke
To my own little Dermott has join'd me.

Chorus. This love, &c.

Darby. You impudent huffy (*Dermott frowns*)
At a pretty rate
Of love you prate ;
But harkye, Kate,
Your little dear lad,
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice--kick in his gallop.

Fath. Luke. Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
You merit excommunication ;

In love but agree,
And shortly you'll see
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

Chorus.

Now, Darby, &c.

Dermott. The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,
For neat and for clean,
We'll both be seen,
Myself and my lass
Next Sunday at mass,
And there we'll be coupl'd for ever.

Patrick. The laurel I've won in the field, Sir;
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;
Nor think it a shame,
Your mercy to claim;
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sir,

CHORUS OF MEN.

The laurel and bays
Revive by your praise;
Our poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Then be not severe,
With smiles you can cheer
The posies of your Covent-Garden.

4. AP 54 GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

F I N I S.

